Dreams

Elsaied abdelghani

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I did not interpret dreams throughout my life as a form of divinity manifestation; perhaps because of my constant doubts about this text that governs the meaning of those around me, I interpreted them as the struggles of visuals, meanings, repressed, and so on. However, I did not deny the existence of a form of ambiguity that exists without human knowledge or understanding.

I don't have a binary device, nor an evaluation device for anything, nor any norm to project on the other, the experiences I had and the feelings I created in I have an infinite acceptance of everything, which prevents the sickness of this who sees visions in his dreams from his point of view, and because I think that words are empty of connotations Except what we drop it on and

that the matter is returned to divine intervention and care, an attempt to inflate the ego self.

There are some dreams that I forget and there is always a female presence in them and often mythological, that dream was of Magdalena, I was not present until the end of the dream, she was sitting silent with a gloomy face, and her tears in her eyes were present but they did not fall, I was that eye that sees without my presence, From time to time she began to groan and convulse, and a great light came from her stomach, and I came down dead.

I am not accustomed to the dread, the gloom and the salesmen I have experienced no longer make anything frightening or strange in its aesthetic irony.

And the dream that recurs since I became conscious and began to remember my dreams is the dream of someone combing their hair in a room with a purple light and I never find out who it is with an African ivory comb, I keep hovering around the room but I hit the walls that from afar seem without walls but only waterfalls of light.

The third dream is a dream that I am at an altar and I say to beings, including humans, including forms of dislocations that exist in mysterious and dark art, I say to them "Destroy" with great screaming, sometimes with hope, sometimes in a low voice, and every time they perish and others are formed, and the dream continues like this until I wake up.

The fifth dream is that I walk in the world and my body is as big as the universe, as if I were the tightest of the universe and I put it in my chest until after the time of everything expires and becomes a very disgusting void and my body does not swell, I scream and everything is repeated again.

The sixth dream is that there is a group of people tied up in a large prison, and I am the one among them without bracelets on the feet or hands, until I untie them one by one, and after the last person untie me, they tie me up and begin to bind themselves again and leave the scene as if we are zombies without movement for a while.

The seventh dream is a dream that I am in a horrible barrel, in a land without end full of barrels from which many faces float and there is a purple color above and I can never go out without being tied up, so no bracelets or anything appears.

Nietzsche's dream is that he commits suicide with the horse, and I am coming to him naked, and tears fall from my eyes with ropes, weighing my movement towards progress, which I told a Lebanese friend to draw and paint.

I have avoided drawing since I was young because I did not want to color these dreams and fantasies, abstract paintings until they became in my mind accurately colors, but I could not implement any of them, I did not want to.

I haven't dreamed of anything personally realistic for a long time or what I remember is not personally realistic. I dreamed erotically a lot, but violently and without end, that is, with no end to practice except with my death.

These dreams are materials for writing, valuable materials where everything is untidy and no

routine is common there, even chaotic streets filled with ethereal ruin, extra warmth.

Perhaps this plastic disorder was added by not sleeping for days and sleeping very little for years with drugs and drugs that destroy euphoria in its natural sense and setback in its natural sense, so I feels the two only without between them. And ecstasy determines the next setback and its depth, and setback determines the next ecstasy and its depth, and some high rapture limit the enjoyment of normal ecstasy.

I do not have a strange concept towards myself as it is with others, I am not surprised by anything, but this dream is special because I was climbing between veils, the cloth veils at the top were black, the color was white but dark, I just see in a simple way and I go up and a veil is unraveled, it does not break but it slips, Until the last veil and I knew that it was the last veil because the light was operating the veil and I was the name of smoke, but I doubted that it was all from my imagination, not from the Sufi witnesses or something, although I taste them and love them very much, but I have another idea about that,

and in those moments of doubt I fell and the stone was cut to fall And stomped again.

There are other forms of dreams. I used to say poems, fragments, or sentences in a continuous, chronic, obsessive way, and I wake up writing them.

Who am i?

The striped of the striped

The pure null?

To an infinite number

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Dreams and dreams without end; reality is only a common dream.

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